music, and their approaching barge full of figures which the first time reminded us of a Brocken, of an Inferno, becomes as welcome as the sight of Cleopatra's galley to Anthony, for we know that they are speeding us back to all that we have loved in life.

None of us with any imagination can ever pass down the Red Sea without thinking less of the children of Israel than of those sons and daughters of to-day whose lives have been changed while voyaging there. All sensitive natures feel to a greater or lesser degree the working within themselves of the ferment of the East. I have known more than one woman who has looked back all her life after to a P. and O. voyage as to its crisis.

For some have resulted pitiful histories. The Red Sea seems more charged with the electricity of human passion than any other of the world's waters. I can never pass the Bitter Lake without hearing re-echo from the rugged, cynical coasts beyond, the still bitterer cries of those men and women who, meeting

fate there, have never been able to forget
them again.

Bombay ! How shall we speak of you ?